

TO MISS HANNAH H. WOLF.

*Philadelphia Pa.*

WHEN SUMMER FLOWERS ARE WITHERED.

WORDS BY

J. HENRI NONES,

MUSIC BY

H. S. Colman.

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## WHEN SUMMER FLOWERS ARE WITHER'D.

Words by J. H. Nones.

Music by H. S. Colman.

Adantino.

When

sum-mer flow'rs are wither'd, And lost their sweet per-fume, And

au-tumn's chill and mournful winds Have laid them in their tomb, We

seek the leaf strewn valleys And wan - der where they grew, And

think with dark and beat ing heart, We soon must fol - low too. When

sum - mer flow'rs are with'rd And lost their sweet per - fume, And

au - tum's chill and mournful winds Have laid them in their tomb. And

*rall.* *tempo!*



au-tumn's chill and mournful winds Have laid them in ..... their tomb.

*rall.*  
*tempo. 1º*

## 2

When summer flowers are wither'd,  
 'Tis sweet for us to know,  
 That when the wintry days have passed,  
 Those beaution's ones will blow,  
 And when the golden sunshine  
 Comes down from warmer skies,  
 The flowers we lost in autumn hours,  
 Again will greet our eyes,  
 When summer flowers are wither'd,  
 'Tis sweet for us to know,  
 Bis. That when the wintry days have passed  
 Those beaution's ones will blow :

